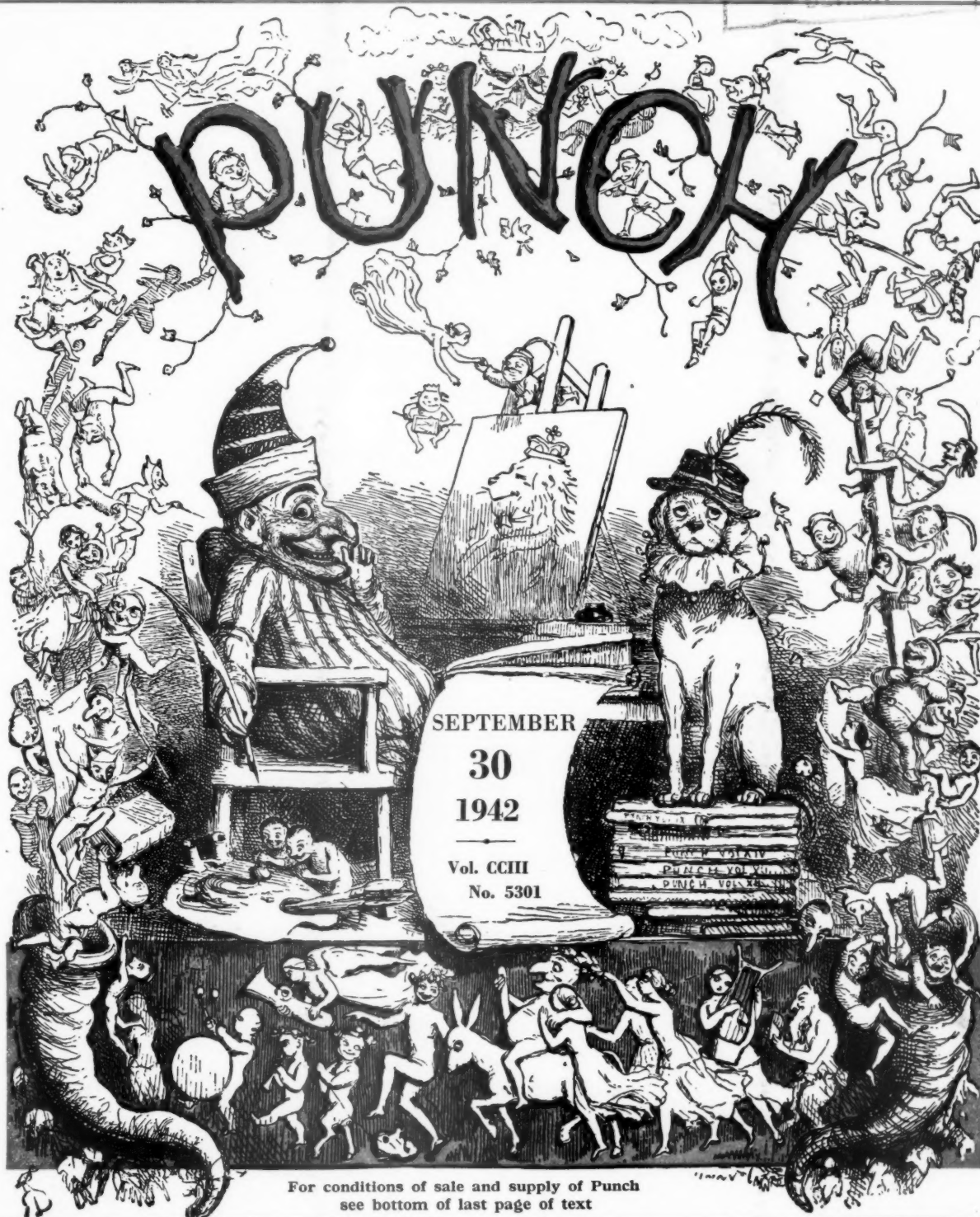


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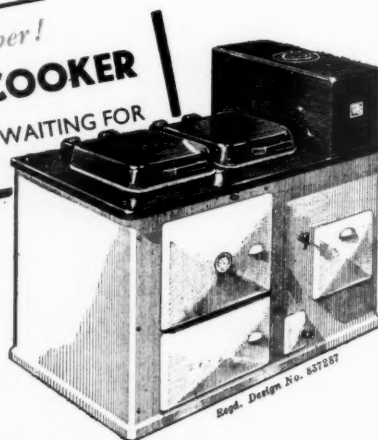
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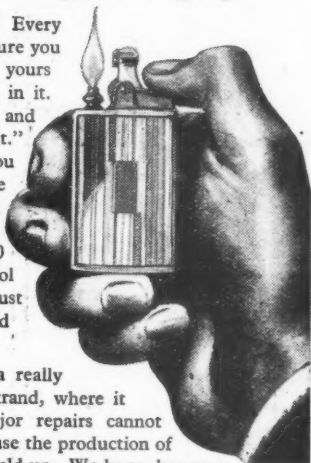


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RONSON FLINTS 6 for 6d.  
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*An revoir—*

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GOODBYE**



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REGD TRADE MARK

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

**DIVERSION**

We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country *must* come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Sanatogen' and 'Genasprin'.

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*Lister*

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is produced at the Vine Products vine-ry in Surrey, but owing to the unavoidable wartime restriction of supplies you may often find it difficult to obtain. Votrix "Dry", bottle size 6/9. Votrix "Sweet", bottle size 6/3.





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## Parcels to Prisoners

cost over £4,000,000 a year

To give something you treasure to the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund, is to discharge in part the debt we all owe to our men in Prison Camps. A Diamond Brooch, a Gold Watch, a Jewelled Bracelet — something ... please ... to the Treasurer, Red Cross Sales, 17 Old Bond Street, London, W.1, for the next

RED CROSS  
Jewel Sale  
AT CHRISTIE'S  
SEPTEMBER 30



The above Fund is being raised on behalf of the War Organisation of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem registered under the War Charities Act 1940.



This space is devoted to the Red Cross by Beechams Pills Ltd.

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There's a time and place for every spring

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The WATERPROOF SOLE LEATHER with the DOUBLE WEAR  
Your repairer's supplies are strictly rationed, but it's worth trying hard to obtain.  
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A PERFECT POLISH

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*This is the right  
medicine for you  
if your kidneys  
need help*

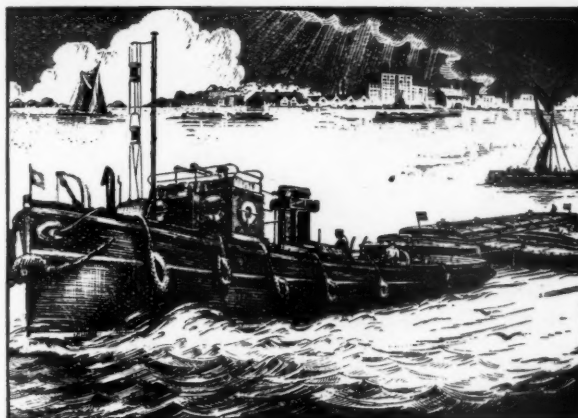
Your kidneys are among the hardest-worked organs of your body. No wonder they become fatigued and need, sometimes, the cleansing and tonic action of a reliable kidney medicine.

Cystex is approved by doctors and chemists in 73 countries and praised by thousands of people for *Backache, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Disturbed Nights, Sciatica, Leg Pains, etc.* These are usually signs that all is not well with your kidneys, so where a kidney medicine is indicated, take Cystex, which is guaranteed to make you better, or money back if empty package is returned to manufacturers.

**Cystex** for  
**KIDNEYS  
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RHEUMATISM**

From Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors and all chemists  
3/- and 6/-, plus tax.

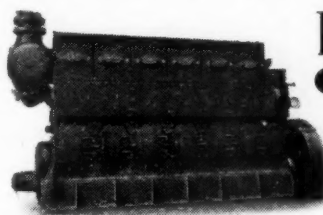
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The tugs never fail on this essential work, and neither do their Ruston Engines—they keep going regardless of conditions.



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**SPECIAL** 1 plant of each - 7/6  
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**Allwood Bros**

Carnation and Food Growers

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The popular British Cigar with the mild Havana flavour.

**CARASADA  
INTERMEZZOS**

Elegant shape, 5 1/2 inches long, as illustrated.

Box of  
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(6 other sizes available)

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SPEEDISERV trolleys are serving thousands in BRITAIN'S WAR FACTORIES. Illustrated is our Pattern D unit, which has a service capacity for 300 persons per filling. Write for illustrated brochure of complete range.

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BELL STREET, LONDON, N.W.1.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL TYPES OF COOKING AND SERVICE EQUIPMENT

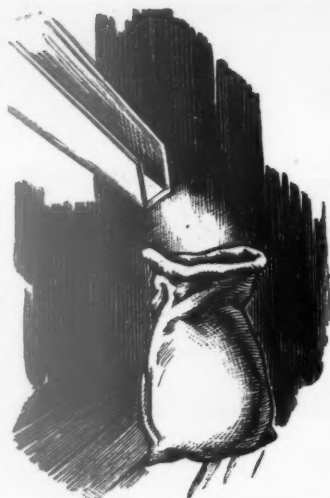


We respect  
the opinions of  
those who know  
and  
those who know  
always ask for

**Schweppes**

TABLE  
WATERS





*"One grain  
fills not  
a sack.  
but  
IT HELPS"*

The help which you are able to give may seem small—but multiplied many times it will result in a sum large enough to keep our vitally important work going... to avert the tragedy that Cancer would bring to thousands more every year if we were not here to help. We must depend upon you to help us maintain our humane work. You will not fail us, will you?

Please send what you can.

**The Royal  
Cancer Hospital**  
(FREE)  
FULHAM ROAD LONDON, S.W.3.

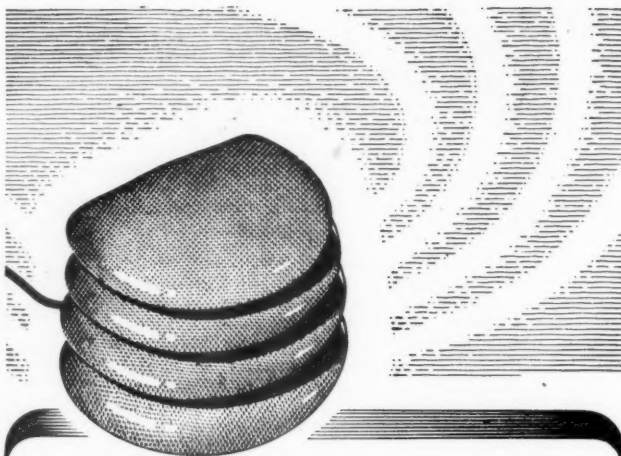
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arrives to build  
be up to date & wise  
- Use

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AFTER the War, heaters, refrigerators, irons and other electrical equipment, by The Household Appliances Division of The Gramophone Company Limited will once again be available for those who discriminate between outstanding and merely good equipment for the home.



The famous H.M.V. Convecter Room Heater, with its fan drive, has introduced into the home a new kind of Appliance that gently, swiftly and uniformly suffuses the room with warm or cool air at will.

**H.M.V. HOUSEHOLD  
APPLIANCES**

IS THAT ALL  
YOU DO?



Of course! How on earth do you clean your dentures? Haven't you heard about 'Steradent'?

Well, I've seen it advertised...

Just you try it! Watch! You add this much to half a tumbler of warm water and stir...

I'm hanging on your every word, Mr. Demonstrator. Proceed with the works.

Right! Next you place them in this solution overnight or while you dress. That's the way to keep dentures perfectly clean.

Can I get some tomorrow?

Of course. All chemists stock 'Steradent.'

**Steradent**

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

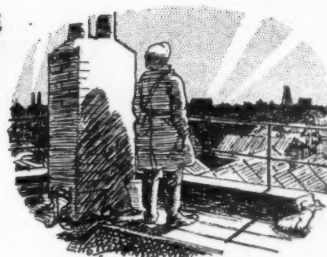
Directions: Half tumbler of warm water. Add 'Steradent'—the cap of the tin full. STIR. Steep dentures overnight or 20 minutes. Rinse well under tap.





OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIII No. 5301

September 30 1942

## Charivaria

A NEW comet discovered by a South American astronomer will be visible through a telescope next year, but it is not expected to come near the earth. This is understandable.

An American has invented a device which paints straight seams on a girl's calves to create the illusion that she is wearing stockings. He is now perfecting immaculate artificial creases for men to create the illusion that they are wearing trousers.



One suburban council has decided that to save paper Final Demand notes for rates will not be sent out. It is understood that a collector will go round on a bicycle and shout them through the letter-boxes.

"Are there any signs of peace?" asks a writer. None, except the fact that the annual meeting of the Zoological Society is now over.

### Without Commentation

"Alexander Clifford will commentate daily on the situation, using his unrivalled knowledge of the desert, of the rival armies, and of Rommel."—*Daily Mail*.

"Corpulent men are usually honest," states a playwright. This is probably due to the fact that they cannot run.

In Germany it is etiquette for the carver to serve himself first. MUSSOLINI realizes that now.

German propaganda has been making much of the comparative rawness of the new Russian recruits. We gather that some of them only joined up two or three annihilations ago.

### The Bottle of Britain

"EMPIRE. THURS., Sept. 24th, for 3 days.

"THIRST OF THE FEW." (A.).  
Advt. in Local Paper.

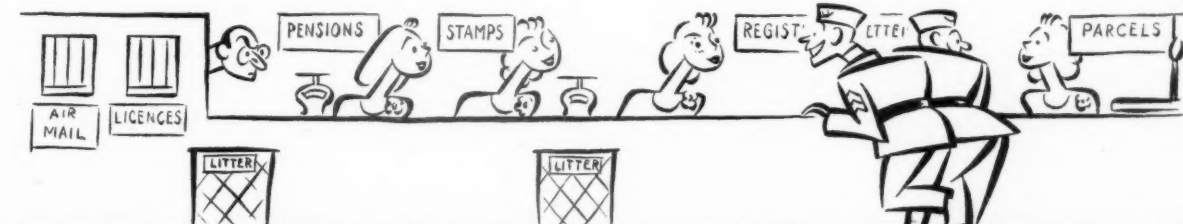
"There is a story in every girl's face," asserts a novelist. Yes, and it is usually one she has made up herself.



"New facts are continually being discovered about animals in captivity," states a member of the Zoological Society. The finders are keepers.

The three-year-old son of a stage magician has been taught his first conjuring-trick. So far, the fond parents have not grown tired of the patter of his little feat.

"The abolition of park railings reveals hitherto unnoticed beauties," says a writer. Then why not salvage the wire grilles on post-office counters?





## The Insomniac

"**W**HERE is the book of Fame and Glory  
That used to be beside my bed?  
Now you bring me another story,"  
The Leader said.  
"Blood has drowned my Eastern plunder.  
Am I to count dead men for sheep?  
The West is filled with a noise of thunder  
And I cannot sleep."

"Rest and be contented, Leader.  
All is well and nothing ails,  
By your bed still sits a reader  
To read you tales;  
I think you take too little slumber,  
Rest and close your eyes again.  
Here are dreams that never number  
The rolls of slain."

"Still the ghosts rise round about me,  
Haunt me when I close my eyes.  
Who are these that mock and flout me?  
I will arise;  
All the East is filled with lightning,  
There is thunder in the West.  
Let me up, for dreams are frightening  
And I cannot rest." EVOE.

## Queues

**I** WAS going to start this by saying that it is typical of the war-time public (a public which may be defined as the same as the general public, only more so) that it thinks to itself that it never stood in a queue before the war. But I believe I may go a step further and say that what the war-time public thinks when it is standing in a queue is that it has never stood in a queue before it stood in this queue, and at the same time that it has never stood in anything else, although it knows perfectly well that it has. I'm sorry this has to be such a muddle, but just you try standing in a queue and seeing what you are thinking of. And, by the way, there is a rather interesting theory—worked out by scientists and others who like to believe that everything is on purpose—that queueing is Nature's answer to complaints that modern civilization has never had time to stand still and ponder. Anyone who has ever stood in a queue will, I believe, agree that this is as likely an explanation as any.

What, it may be asked, does the public think of when it is standing in a queue? Before I answer this I ought to define a queue. This is easy. A queue is the people in front of you. There may be people behind you too, but these are a queue only to the people behind *them*, it being a rule that people behind people in queues are the effect, or victims, of the queue system, and the people in front the cause. For this reason people rarely bother their heads about the people behind; except to wonder dimly if the people only just behind are focusing the same antagonism on the back of

their neck as they are on the people just in front. Not, of course, that people ever think that people behind them, or in front of them for that matter, are capable of thought. There is a strong tendency in a queue for all the people to imagine that all the other people are not people at all but circumstances designed to give added depth to queueing as an experience; the people behind being there to give the necessary illusion of hope and ultimate achievement which the people in front are there to take away. There is an even stronger tendency to believe that everyone else in the queue is as stupid as hideous. Psychologists tell us that this bolstering up of the ego, or, as they call it, smugness, is a reserve store inside each of us, only released when we have stood for five minutes on each leg, and then only so that we can go on standing.

Anyone saying anything to anyone else in a queue is, of course, quite extraordinarily interesting to the people round; but even more fascinating is anyone reading a book. Because the person immediately next to or behind the person reading can see that such a book has a title at the top, print all down, a number on each page and so on; while all the time it is perfectly obvious that it is not a book at all, but something got up to look like one. It has not yet been recorded that anyone in a queue has ever seen anyone reading a book which can be identified as a book which the identifier has read too; but psychologists predict that when this happens the identifier's sensation will be such gratified and condescending smugness as to keep the queuer standing on the same leg for another ten minutes without noticing. Psychologists support this by pointing out that people who have watched other people furtively for upwards of a quarter of an hour feel queerly responsible for such people; they find themselves thinking almost that they have chosen their hats for them.

Anyone who has stood in a queue will remember how, every few minutes, a shuffle sweeps over everyone, something like wind over a cornfield, so that everyone moves up closer to everyone else and some—the sort of people who are always classed as unsophisticated by the others—start getting excited and leaning out to see up to the top of the queue where the shop is. No one has been able to explain this satisfactorily, but some hold that a kind of mass anxiety hangs over a queue and every now and then gets a hold on the queuers, forcing them to positive action.

People in queues are both extraverts and introverts. This worried psychologists at first, but they decided that, given so much time, the public could hardly be blamed for it. It is the extravert in queuers which makes them so passionately interested in everything in the big world round them. You can see queuers reading a custard-powder poster with no more than half a dozen words and an overpleased face on it with a rapt and passionate interest which has made educationists think that there is something in education after all. But it is the inner thoughts of queuers, on the whole, which give them that expression which non-queuers like to see as they pass by; an expression as if they had thought everything twice and were getting in a groove.

A word about that moment which happens to all of us who have started life at one end of a queue and worked our way to the other. I think we can all call up that sudden strong feeling of unworthiness which makes us buy what we had to buy and get out quick before the people at the back start grumbling. Psychologists tell us that there is a reason for this too: it is a kind of safety device which ensures that we *shall* buy what we have to buy and get out quick before the people at the back *do* start grumbling.



### WINNING PIECES

"... a more nearly global strength at sea than the world has ever seen."—*Mr. Carl Vinson.*



*"Officer, stop! What is the controlled price of onions?"*

### Seamen

**F**AR the world over are waves,  
Dwindling, gull-dandling, lapping the lands  
of the earth;  
They are the puffin's path,  
They are the fringe, the unfurled fronds of the  
sea  
That holds quick creatures, and bleached bones,  
and treasure troves.  
The sea has many moods,  
And beyond plummet-span  
Silences, solitudes;  
And a calm, green, translucent cruelty  
That beckons a brave man.  
So wanderer, wayfarer, whose cool keels cleave,  
Furrow the foam fields, wimple waterways,  
Lifelong returns  
To haven on the white crest of a wave;

And all his days  
The teeming sea his secret heart enfolds.

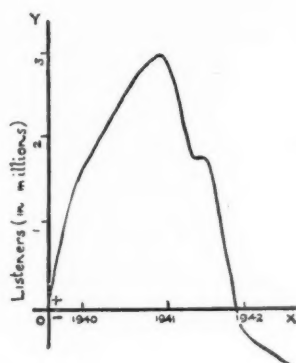
Now the sea churns  
To the bright fleecy wake  
Of men who come and go  
Loving the land, for the land's sake—  
Whelmed, all but wrecked, all but consumed  
By tempest-toss or foe.  
They are not known, not named  
Who offer life for bread:  
But we should count them proudly, number always  
Those whom no sea-spell draws away from home,  
Who, staunch and country bred,  
Follow the white road of the upturned foam;  
While each in his heart holds  
The woods at evening and the country ways.



## The Mind of Doctor Josef Goebbels

(For this careful analysis of Nazi Propaganda Mr. Punch is indebted to Dr. Mole, who occupies the Chair of Psychology and Morals at the University of Willoughby Deeping.)

IT is now more than three years since the voice of the Nazi began to compete with Mr. Middleton, Mr. Herbert Read and Mr. Grisewood for the attention of the British listener. During this period my ear has been glued so firmly to my receiver that I have heard no fewer than six thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight broadcasts by the propagandists of the Reich. The analysis which follows has been made possible by the exertions of my selfless staff of statisticians and by the nimbleness of the boy who runs round to the "Tam o' Shanter" with a jug.



This graph shows the number of people who received German transmissions between September 1939 and September 1942. The remarkable decline beginning on January 1st 1941 coincides with the first appearance of the Brains Trust, while the temporary recovery noticeable in June is concurrent with the B.B.C.'s divulgement of the fees paid to members of the Brains Trust. Readers may be puzzled by the progress of the graph after October 1941. Reference to the horizontal axis (how appropriate!) 0-x reveals that from that date the German transmissions were heard by a negative number of listeners. These are people who, because their receivers can get only foreign stations, do not buy wireless licences.

Dr. Goebbels' propaganda falls easily into four well-defined phases. We may call the first phase, dating from September 3rd 1939 to June 20th

1940, the Period of Experiment. There is little doubt that the Germans hoped during this period to win a following in this country merely by the æsthetic quality of their broadcasts. We must admit that their efforts achieved a notable, if limited, success. It became as fashionable (with the intelligentsia) to applaud the technical quality of German programmes as it had been to vilify the B.B.C. in pre-war years. Moreover, the German programmes became popular with the working classes when Dr. Goebbels announced football results and "pools" dividends many hours ahead of the English Press. Then quite suddenly, in June 1940, Dr. Goebbels changed his tune, and phase number two, the Nicaraguan Interlude, began.

In a series of vitriolic broadcasts from Reichsender JAM an attempt was made to embroil Britain and Nicaragua in war over the question of patent-rights of oil cooking-stoves. Had the plot succeeded Hitler intended to go to the assistance of the U.S.A. (which would have joined forces with Britain) in order to obtain bases in Alaska for a pincers attack upon the Soviet Union. For once, however, the British Secret Service was equal to the occasion. The danger was foreseen and averted by a bold stroke. At the eleventh hour Nicaragua was placated by the loan of four technicians from Burnley.

Phase Three, the Period of Revolution, began on August 14th 1941. It was an attempt to split Britain by internal strife. Using all the familiar devices of his nefarious trade, Dr. Goebbels tried to build up in this country an overwhelming demand for the nationalization of unclaimed left-luggage. That the great plan failed was due to the quick thinking of some unknown hero of the B.B.C. At the critical hour the Reichsender JAM was drained of British listeners when the B.B.C., by a remarkable feat of organization, broadcast a reading of *Comus* in both Home and Forces programmes. Thus it was that the dramatic announcement from Reichsender JAM, that the British Government's reconstruction plans contained no mention of the nationalization of unclaimed left-luggage, fell upon a deserted wave-length. Round three to Britain.

We now come to the final phase—the Period of Anglo-American Disunion. It is still in progress. Remembering the untoward rivalry which is supposed to have marred the relations

between British and American soldiers in 1919, Dr. Goebbels hopes to undermine the *entente* by rumour. Few British people, however, will believe that our children evacuated to the States are conscripted for crowd scenes in gangster films, that the shortage of whisky is due *entirely* to the presence of American troops in Britain, or that our Allies have really criticized the Albert Memorial. A few nights ago Reichsender GAB broadcast a dramatized version of an Englishwoman's alleged experience while entertaining American airmen. It went something like this:

*British housewife (of Dewsbury, Yorks).* "There now, dear boys, sit ye down and eat your fill. It's plain food, but wholesome."

*American airman (glancing ironically at the table).* "Aw, come on, Maw. Open up and quit stallin'. What about some of our lease-lend supplies you're a-hidin'! You've a plenty."

The good housewife then burst into tears, while the British National Anthem competed feebly with a blaring Stars and Stripes.

"ITALY," said Metternich, "is a geographical expression."

That was before the day of Garibaldi, maker of modern Italy, lover of Freedom, friend of Britain. Now the wheel has come full circle, and the Italy of Mussolini, enemy of Freedom, foe of Britain, lies in the dust. But what of the day when the strutting braggart struck at beaten France? Do you remember General Wavell's men and their feats of arms? Admiral Cunningham's at Matapan? And the Fleet Air Arm at Taranto?

### MUSSOLINI WON'T FORGET!

Many of the heroes of these battles did not return; many are in hospital; the rest are eagerly awaiting to engage and defeat a still more evil foe.

### HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN

to send a contribution to Mr. PUNCH'S COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4? Send now to show your appreciation and gratitude to our magnificent fighting men.

## At the Pictures

ARE HUSBANDS  
NECESSARY? (PLAZA)

*Are Husbands Necessary?* is advertised as "a happy hot weather hit." No doubt it is just the film for a midsummer day on the Gold Coast, but unfortunately an English autumn does not induce the pleasing stupor necessary to its unalloyed enjoyment. The film opens with a discussion between *George Cugat* (RAY MILLAND) and his wife, *Mary Elizabeth* (BETTY FIELD). They have been married two years, and *Mary* would like a baby, but *George*, though doing well in a bank, protests that it would be an awful responsibility. Finally, however, he agrees to her suggestion that they shall adopt one from an institution which caters for healthy young couples anxious to start a family. A day or two later an income-tax official calls on *George*, who, believing his visitor to be from the baby home, exaggerates his income. He is, he says, making a lot of money on the side; the official asks for details, and having got them, discloses his identity. "I thought you were the baby man!" *George* cries, further inflaming the official, who takes this to mean that he is a freak from some wandering circus. Though overacted, this is an excellent scene, but the rest of the film is a chaos of farcical situations, imagined without gusto and played without conviction. EUGENE PALLETTE does his best as *Bunker*, a cheery millionaire, but cannot extract much comedy from a film constructed on the assumption that verisimilitude and humour are mutually exclusive. That human beings are funny as they are should be no less obvious in Hollywood than elsewhere.

THE GREAT MR. HANDEL  
(LEICESTER SQUARE)

This is a charming film, almost unruffled by reality. Here, in

delicate technicolor, is an eighteenth-century London unknown to SWIFT and HOGARTH, through whose cleanly and

mellow streets and squares pass fresh-faced country girls, daintily dressed, crying mackerel or selling milk. There

are villains in this London, but, except for a few hired bravoos, they all belong to the aristocracy. The great *Mr. Handel* (WILFRID LAWSON), once the most popular musician in town, has affronted the Prince of Wales by cutting short the performance of an opera in protest against the Prince's unmannerly remarks about the prima donna, *Mrs. Cibber* (ELIZABETH ALLAN). Led by the Prince, the world of fashion outlaws *Handel*, who at last is abandoned by everyone except *Mrs. Cibber* and his Scots servant *Phineas* (HAY PETRIE). In his poverty he still succours the starving, with the assistance of his tradesmen, who are so charmed by his music and his rich humanity that their visits to collect their debts always end in fresh supplies of food. But under the strain of his outlawry he falls dangerously ill, and though he recovers he has no heart to begin work again. Then a stupid dilettante, *Charles Jennens* (A. E. MATTHEWS), brings him the book of an oratorio, the *Messiah*. He interprets

this as a sign from God, and working day and night completes the oratorio in three weeks. The *Messiah* is a triumphant success in Dublin, in the following year it is performed at Covent Garden before *George the Second*, and the film ends with these words flashed on the screen: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings." A very inept curtain, since the moral of the film is the contemptible pettiness of worldly success, measured against the ideal aims of genius, and *HANDEL's* own words about the *Messiah* are spoken in the most moving moment of the play—"I did see the heavens open and the great God himself."

Within the limits imposed by the film, WILFRID LAWSON gave a fine performance. ELIZABETH ALLAN was charming as *Mrs. Cibber*, and HAY PETRIE perfect as the faithful Scot. H. K.



[Are Husbands Necessary?]

## UNPAID BILLS DISPOSAL

*Mr. Cugat* . . . . . RAY MILLAND  
*Mrs. Cugat* . . . . . BETTY FIELD



[Are Husbands Necessary?]

*Bunker* . . . . . EUGENE PALLETTE

## Scissors, Pair of, One

"... And the situation is very difficult, madam, both nationally and in the hairdressing business. If I might trouble you to raise the head slightly... thank you so much, madam."

Raising the head slightly, one contemplated in the mirror the centenarian's reflection. (The centenarian with the clippers. Not the centenarian sitting in the chair. The war has made a great difference to all of us, but, so far, one could hardly be mistaken for anything worse than a septuagenarian who had done a good deal of fire-watching, form-filling, queueing-up and blacking-out.)

"For instance, madam, I assure you that I have the greatest difficulty with this pair of scissors. It is practically the only pair in the establishment that will really cut satisfactorily."

"That must be a help to you."

"Indeed, yes, madam. The trouble arises from the way in which the young ladies continually borrow them. The hair at the back perhaps a trifle scanty, madam?"

"Yes, I know."

"Excuse me, madam, there's someone—Yes, Miss Gloria?"

"Oh, Mr. Kimberley, could I borrow the scissors for a minute?"

"You see, madam? What do you require them for, Miss Gloria?"

"Just to cut something, Mr. Kimberley. As a matter of fact, hair."

"Very well, Miss Gloria. But kindly return them to me at once."

"Okay, Mr. Kimberley."

"These young girls are all alike, madam. No sense of responsibility at all. I've known one of our young ladies deliberately cut string with this very pair of scissors. That is why, madam, I feel bound to inquire why they want them."

Neither the centenarian nor oneself gave really undivided attention to the head—slightly raised—or the hair at the back—perhaps a trifle scanty—until Miss Gloria had popped in again with the pair of scissors.

"Ta," she said.

"Thank you. I am much obliged. If I might trouble you, madam... the wave rather off the forehead?"

The wave was taken rather off the forehead.

"This Indian situation, madam..."

The Indian situation had been only partially clarified when Miss Rosemary sprang in and said: "Oh, Mr. Kimberley, could I borrow the scissors for a minute?"

"What did I tell you, madam? What do you require them for, Miss Rosemary?"

"Just to cut something. Actually, it's a piece of paper."

Mr. Kimberley sighed, but he said: "Very well, Miss Rosemary. But kindly return them to me at once."

"Okay, Mr. Kimberley."

"One doesn't wish to be in any way disobliging, but the position is difficult. You would hardly believe, madam, the uses to which these girls will put a good pair of scissors. Of course there was a time when scissors were easy to obtain, but that's the worst of a world-war, madam. It affects so many things."

Miss Rosemary came back, returned the pair of scissors, and said: "Ta."

"Thank you. I am much obliged. Now, madam, if you would care to remove your glasses a moment, it would enable me to bring the curls forward a little, to soften the outline somewhat."

The outline was softened somewhat. Or anyhow it would be the moment one could get one's hair to oneself and comb the whole thing out and start all over again.

"Oh, Mr. Kimberley!"

"Yes, Miss Diana? Do you want something?"

"She wants to borrow the scissors," one hazarded at a wild venture.

"That's right, madam," said Miss Diana merrily. "Can I, Mr. Kimberley?"

"You may, Miss Diana, if you will

kindly tell me for what purpose you require them."

"To get the cork out of the bottle of blue rinse," said Miss Diana. "We haven't any strong hairpins to spare."

E. M. D.

### IN A GOOD CAUSE

MR. PUNCH earnestly commends to the notice of his readers the cause of LORD ROBERTS MEMORIAL WORKSHOPS—a branch of the activities of the SOLDIERS', SAILORS' AND AIRMEN'S HELP SOCIETY.

The Workshops find useful and happy occupation for those "Broken in the Wars." Their object is to help men whose disablement prevents them from competing in the race for subsistence. The men are able to produce fine work on equal terms with the uninjured and "to look the world in the face," self-supporting, and not forgotten.

Donations and subscriptions should be sent to:

Admiral of the Fleet, Sir ROGER KEYES, Bt., Hon. Treasurer, LORD ROBERTS MEMORIAL WORKSHOPS, 122 Brompton Road, Room T, London, S.W.3.



"Is this some kind of joke, or what?"





"What are these 'Holidays at Home' like?"

### Six Miles

COME, sweet six miles, stretch out your autumn fields,  
Past cottage gardens heavy with the rose,  
Down woodland pathways where the quiet moss  
yields

In the green silence to our padding toes,  
Here goes:

The yellow stubble where the still stoops stand  
Whispers an echo to our brushing feet,  
The trailing fern feels out her frondy hand  
To cool with dewy touch the long hill's heat.  
Come, sweet

Six miles! 'Neath lacy traceries of green  
We run sun-speckled through the sharpened air,  
Threading the bridle-paths where late have been  
Scattered the first rain-heavy leaves—oh, rare  
Smells there!

I would run ever, ever be so lost  
Down England's leafy ways, such airy stuff  
As that light thistledown by no wind tossed;  
But sweet six miles is, though the Army's tough,  
Enough.

### H. J. Talking

TODAY, among other things which cause anxiety to the scientist is the tendency for discoveries to be made by schoolboys, this throwing doubt on the belief that science is done best by those with qualifications. Given some wire, a battery, a few chemicals and a tool-shed, a schoolboy is apt to discover anything from a natural law to a marketable invention. My eldest son once took B. Smith's bicycle to pieces and put it together again, incorporating a trouser-press, so that if the cyclist arrived at the end of the journey with the knees of his trousers baggy he could easily have a neatly creased pair with him to change into. As B. Smith had been working on this invention himself for thirteen years and never succeeded in incorporating the trouser-press and the handle-bars at the same time, venomous is what he was, and for three years running did not give my son his usual birthday present, this being a chessman, and the completion of the set being thus even longer delayed. It was B. Smith's theory that the really good chess-player, like the really good golfer, concentrates on one thing at a time. A plus-four man, for example, would do nothing but putt for months. So B. Smith started off my son on the management of the pawn and had got him as far as the castle when the breach between them occurred.

My wife is now away on holiday and this is perhaps just as well owing to a disagreement we have had in the house. B. Smith admires De Quincey and brought home some opium to eat, but my wife did not know how to serve it and spoilt the romance by garnishing it with parsley. I will now reproduce for you a letter she has written to me.

MATE O' MINE,—Heigho, here I am in the sun lounge and several gay clergymen are asking me to join a shrimping party. To-night I shall give a flute solo during dinner. I shall play first "Hearts of Oak" and then "Pop Goes the Weasel." Please send me the score of "Petrouchka" as I wish to strike while the iron is hot, also any riddles you may know. Mate o' Mine, I left some eggs on; please take them off. I have found a good circulating library and am reading a book called *David Copperfield*: it deals with marriage and is very brightly written. If you take the children to the Zoo do not waste money on nuts; most animals like grass.

Hearty Handshakes,  
CARMEN.

One of my main difficulties is that so few of my friends can be asked to meet one another, this making the giving of parties hazardous in the extreme. For example, Nobby Robinson has a loud coarse laugh, and Mrs. Oscar's boy has very delicate ear-drums and a refined expression. Again, B. Smith is apt to be tactless, and when helping at the cold buffet makes such remarks as "At last I know what 'Going the whole hog' means, Lottie, Lady Penge," or "Food been short at home lately, Captain Seamew?" Some of my friends who date from a remote period of my life are apt to embarrass me by referring to times I would wish to forget, such as a play produced at my kindergarten when I doubled the rôles of Fairy Flittertoes and the Iron Duke.

My most deadly friends are a family called the Williamsses. They are a large indefinite family and know several Old English Gleees, but this could be stood for if it were not associated with the lack of discipline which makes the choice of Glee really binding on no member of the family

for long. The noise produced by the Williamses and the foul insinuations about one another which they substitute for words make them a terror to hosts, whose hospitality they feel compelled to return in the only way they know how. They live in a converted corn exchange, but it is doubtful what it has been converted to as it contains a gun-room, an escalator and an operating theatre. It is generally thought to represent the work of a firm of architects with strong-willed but highly specialized partners. Even over the naming of their home the Williamses cannot agree, some heading their notepaper *Mon Maison*, others *Ma Maison*, and others again "75 High Street."

From time to time the Williamses give a party, and generous and open-handed is what they are to a remarkable degree, but they are so jealous and competitive that it makes eating difficult, because as soon as one has given you any food another snatches it away and replaces it with something else. There is always much noise and confusion at their parties, and they are very tiring, as an endless stream of them rush up and peer into your face and cross-examine you about whether you are enjoying yourself, and if so, exactly how much. They never agree on what games to play; you are always finding little numbers and single clues from treasure-hunts; and having ping-pong bats and strips of paper lettered A to Z thrust into your hand, but you never seem to get an opportunity of using them. In the middle of their home they have a practical joke, and this is an arm-chair which tips over backwards when you sit in it. Half-way through the party every one of the Williamses clutches a guest and rushes him down to the practical joke, and there are frightful squabbles as to whose guest should sit in it first. They are not satisfied until everyone has, and taxing is what it is when you have seen twenty people tip backwards to have to pretend surprise and amusement when it comes to your turn. What with hospitality and rats left over from the corn exchange days, and Old English Gleees and frequently fireworks and a great-grandfather who can imitate a hyena, the merrymakers are exhausted by the time the proceedings end, this being very late and the Williamses each expecting not only a separate speech of thanks but also a separate letter afterwards, such letters being carefully compared on receipt to detect duplicates.

### A Note on Soap Welding

THE importance of soap welding has recently been emphasized in these columns: the art of welding consists in grafting moribund cakes, or even sticks, of soap on to unused cakes, with results which are primarily of economic importance in war, but also carry with them a high artistic value.

A communication on this subject has just reached us from a British naval unit stationed in Russia, to the effect that a series of strictly homogeneous weldings (i.e., where the graft is of the same type as the recipient cake) has shown that behind the diminishing wafer of the grafted receptum the surface of the recipient cake remains absolutely intact. The serial experiment was made with cakes of Simpson's Iodine Soap, and in each case as the old graft became smaller and smaller, behind its transparency the features of Mr. Simpson were found in a state of perfect preservation. The series is to be known as the "Simpson Series."

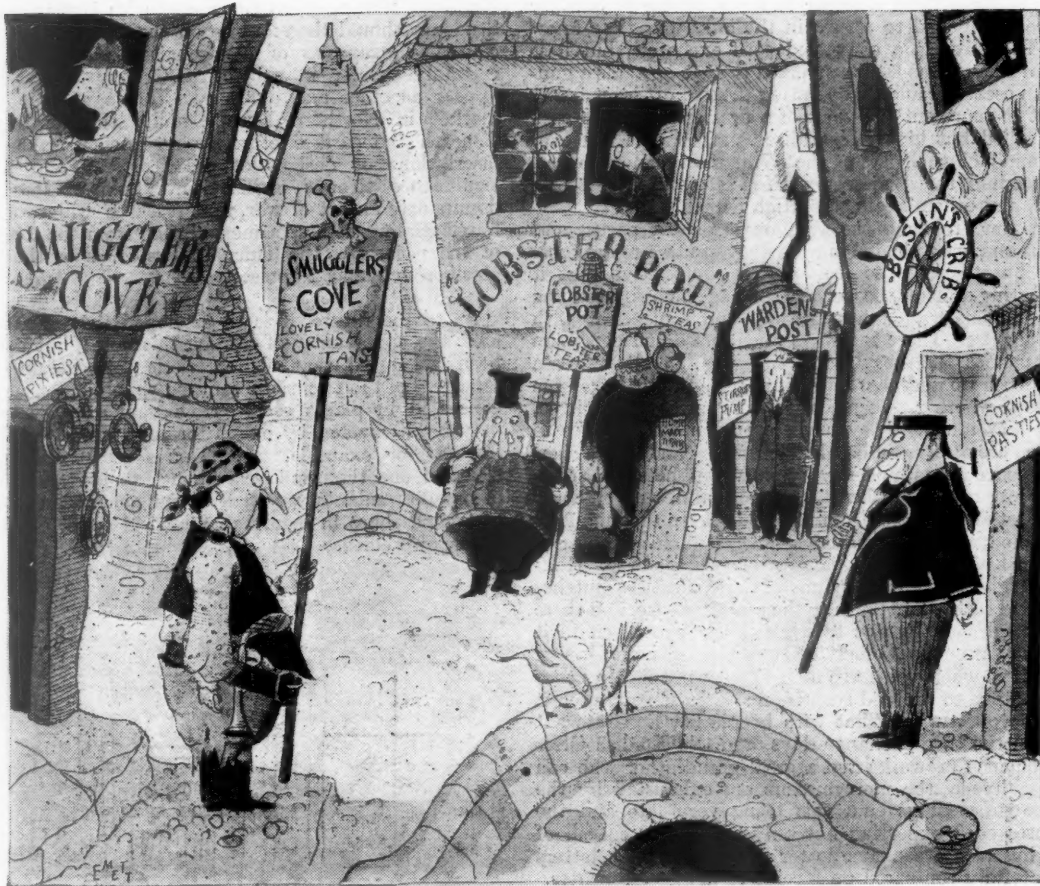
The implications of the experiment are wide. First, as to the future, although soap-welding is from a mechanical standpoint more closely allied to mosaic work than to

painting, it obviously shares with the latter the important basis of fat, oils having been first extensively used in Northern European, as contrasted with Italian, paintings. Students should therefore be on the look-out for hitherto concealed examples of post-renaissance welding, almost certainly secular in subject, that may be expected to appear as older and older cakes of soap come into the market in Northern Europe under the stress of war. Beneath the surface of many an ancient cake may be inscriptions or designs of great artistic and historical significance to our civilization. Soap-welding is predominantly an art of war, and research will probably be found dealing with specimens dating from the longer wars of the past, e.g., the Thirty Years' War or the wars of Marlborough and Napoleon.

As to the future, it is to be hoped that posterity will have the opportunity of reading this note: but it has also been suggested that characteristic soap-weldings representative of the twentieth century should be selected and concealed in places secure from vandalism, where they may be discovered by excavators of a future civilization. Should, for example, the features of Mr. Simpson be revealed one thousand years hence to the admiring eyes of our descendants, we shall in our generation have done our small share in handing on a vital spark of the torch of our own culture.



"I wish you could see this, Mrs. Murphy. Your Pat feints with his left and lands a right to the jaw, my fim replies with a couple of straight lefts plumb on your boy's nose . . ."



### *Southbound Special*

IT seems migrating swallows are  
 Frock-coated passengers at the station bar.  
 Far too early, lest he should miss connections,  
 The first arrival. Others come in sections  
 Of twos or threes, or drop in airily  
 Like a casual friend.  
 Here and there they gossip  
 And chip the brittle air with pompous twittering,  
 Or add the extra touches to a hasty toilet,  
 A shake of the head, a quick wing-flutter,  
 A dart for refreshment, for sweetbreads with butter.  
 Some sway uncertainly, small ruffled specks,  
 Heavily satiate with plum-juice-swollen insects;  
 Or cling with tight claw to the sagging wire.  
 Some sweep past like taxi-cabs plying for hire.  
 Time passes. Apprehension increases.  
 Nervously they peer under dark wings

For hidden timing-pieces.  
 Conversation is loud,  
 As though they care for nothing  
 More than outward show—facile, blasé crowd;  
 But anxious minutes set their feet a-dancing  
 And fussy greybeards chide the young ones' prancing.  
 There they perch, solemn, impressive.  
 Like music for eternal choirs,  
 Eternal music on telegraph wires.  
 Slowly the train stops, restive.  
 Arched necks seek empty seating.  
 No hiss of steam, no whistle, no flag-waving.  
 To the vibrant flutter of light wings gay  
 The southbound special sweeps soft away.  
 Away. Away on business to homes unknown.  
 The sun is dying, dying down.





SQUANDERING FUEL



"The General seems to have a flair for native dances. I understand his mother was a Macdougall."

### Little Talks

**W**HY on earth did you sign that manifesto?

Why not?

Because it was offal—cabbage-water—erroneous.

In what way?

Well, for one thing, I think you said you wanted to see "the abolition of sovereignty."

Certainly. It's the one hope of the world—to get rid of all this narrow nationalism—all these small dogs yapping at each other and grabbing at bones.

I see. You want to have One Big Dog, keeping quiet?

Economically speaking, I suppose—yes. But I'd rather call it One Big Brotherhood of Dogs. Sharing whatever bones there are.

I see. But then, in this manifesto, didn't you also say that you wanted "the liberation of India and the British Empire . . . ?"

Certainly.

But won't that greatly increase the number of small dogs?

What?

And small dogs yapping at each other?

I don't follow.

You want to abolish sovereignty?

Yes.

And you want to "liberate"—that is, make free and independent—say, Jamaica and Ceylon?

Of course.

But will you not then be creating two new sovereignties?

Certainly not.

Then they will not, for example, be able to declare war and make peace of their own volition?

Yes, they will! No one should be able to force another country into war.

Then they will be sovereignties?

No, I tell you.

Then they will be subject to somebody? But not to the King?

Oh, no. You know perfectly well what I mean.

Not "perfectly."

I mean they will be members of a World Federation of Equal States.

Jamaica will be equal to Russia or China?

Not in every way, of course.

You mean, perhaps, that Jamaica and Ceylon will be like North and South Carolina?

That's about it.

But North and South Carolina can not declare war and make peace of their own volition. Indeed, they have just been forced into a war.

That's different.

Ought not North and South Carolina to be "liberated"? Made independent? Good gracious, no! Do you want them to go back to the days before the Civil War?

No, I should say not. After all, they have the advantages of membership in a big community, with common economic, financial and legal arrangements.

Of course.

And, no doubt, there's a big saving

on "overheads." I mean, Ambassadors and so forth.

True.

Perhaps it would be a good thing to hand over Jamaica to the U.S.A.?

Not a bad idea.

Oh? But I thought Jamaica was going to be "free"? Why liberate Jamaica in order to hand her over to somebody else?

Because of what we've just said—But you twist everything round.

Sorry. How about Ceylon? Would it be a good idea to hand her over to the United States?

No.

Why, Jamaica, then?

Jamaica's near the United States.

Eire's near England. Should she be handed over—?

Certainly not. Eire's free—and must remain so.

Then Jamaica should be like Eire—able to keep out of America's wars?

America's wars, yes.

Then she'll have sovereign powers. And you have created another sovereignty.

No. What I meant was that she won't be able to keep out of the World's wars.

She can't now.

A just war waged by the united forces of righteousness against the disturbers of the peace.

Her present situation, precisely. So far, I must say, we don't seem to have improved the situation of Jamaica to any marked extent.

But you're so tiresome.

Sorry again. I'm really trying to be helpful. You see, South Carolina—

Let's get away from America. It's really not—

All right. Where shall we go? How about Australia or South Africa? By the way, how much do you want to "liberate" them?

Entirely.

But is there much liberating to be done? I mean, since the Statute of Westminster?

I've never been quite clear what the S.W. did; but I dare say you're right. Australia could have stayed out of the war if she'd liked, I suppose. And South Africa could secede to-morrow. But she doesn't.

So she should be made to?

What?

Well, if she's going to be "liberated entirely"—?

Ah, but I never went as far as that. The Dominions are rather different.

They're free members of a big community, with common economic, financial and legal arrangements, and so forth?

Yes; there's all that.

And are able to make war on their own?

Yes.

But don't?

No.

"Sovereign," in a sort of way, but "federated" in a sort of way. Independent—but good neighbours?

Yes. That's true.

In fact it's a grand arrangement?

Not so bad.

But, my dear fellow, that's the British Empire! That's what your sickening manifesto wants to stop!

What we want to stop is "exploitation." Look at India.

Delighted. But then, I'm one of those who think we've done a wonderful job in India—

For ourselves!

No, for the Indians.

You tell an American that!

Certainly. I shall also tell him that our Indians are at least alive.

Now then, no rudeness!

Why not? Any fool can be rude about the British Empire. It's about time for a slap back.

Well, anyhow—What are we arguing about?

You were talking dough-nuts about "exploitation."

You're for it, I suppose?

"Exploiting," strictly means "unfolding," "bringing out," "developing"—turning natural resources to industrial account! You're against it, I suppose?

No, but—

You'd rather have left the Indians with no drains, dams, roads, railways—

Not at all!

You wish we'd never grown tea in Ceylon, or rubber in Malaya, or sugar in—

I wish we'd left the natives to run their own countries.

Oh, yes? And how much tea, rubber, and sugar would you have seen?

Oh, well, we had to start them—yes.

So you are in favour of "exploitation"?

In your sense.

Well, that's the right sense. And now, about these Dogs—

Dogs?

Your dogs. I quite agree that we want fewer small dogs yapping and grabbing, and more big families of well-behaved, disciplined dogs—

One big family. I'm a Wellsian.

All right. "The Federation of the World"? I'm a Tennysonian.

You're a—

Hush. That's the Ultimate Ideal, I agree. But you'll admit that you won't get that going in one motion—even if after the war you put Wells and Priestley and Acland and Joad in the place of our "effete and selfish politicians"?

It will take time, of course.

You're telling me. And meanwhile, isn't it a good thing to preserve anything that looks like a working model of the Big Thing? The United States, for example?

Of course!

And the British Commonwealth of Nations.

I think that's different.

I think you're an ass. A. P. H.



"... Now you never get that sort of thing with an H.E. . ."





"We finished the harvest with a couple of gallons to spare."

## Saluting As It Shouldn't

**R**ECENTLY a Member of Parliament asked a question in the House about saluting. He seemed to deplore the fact that it isn't being Done As It Should. Laxity, he considered, had crept in.

Well, I too have noticed something of the sort. But I can't say I deplore this laxity creeping it. Life in London would be pretty tough if it hadn't. I'll show you what I mean.

The strict rules are that every non-commissioned rank must salute every commissioned rank, no matter of what Service, and junior officers must salute

senior—except that subalterns and their equivalents do not salute captains, a point which has long been a sore one with newly-promoted captains. And all salutes must be acknowledged, the official acknowledgment being exactly the same as the salute.

Now we'll assume no laxity whatever, and take a bit of Piccadilly about lunch time—a bit where an Air Vice-Marshal, say, with a Tank Corps Corporal a dozen paces behind him, is going one way, and a Captain R.N., with a Second-Lieutenant R.A., the

same distance behind, is going the other. They approach.

The Captain salutes the Air Vice-Marshal with strict correctitude, that is, for three paces before passing him and three paces after—at which point he has rapidly to start acknowledging the salute of the Corporal. Meanwhile the Air Vice-Marshal, who has just finished acknowledging the Captain's salute, is in action with the Second-Lieutenant; and the latter has no sooner disengaged than he in his turn is at grips with the Corporal, for whom, poor devil, the whole encounter has meant twelve solid paces at the salute.

By the time the thing has died down saluting between pairs has been going on for some eighteen paces, two pairs being simultaneously at it for six of them. As at the same time correct saluting means the elbow being out at right angles to the shoulder and both participants not looking where they are going, but straight into each other's eyes, the general effect is about as devastating to other users of the pavement as a tank attack.

And, remember, that's only for a bit of Piccadilly with four uniforms: there might have been a lot more uniforms in that bit at lunch time, and there certainly are lots more bits of Piccadilly. From the Circus to Hyde Park the place would be a shambles, if saluting were Done As It Should.

So naturally it's being Done As It Shouldn't. And as with any other departure from the strait and narrow path, the deviations are numerous and varied. They repay study.

The principal form of Saluting As It Shouldn't is the Selective Salute, and the most common example of this is for a bloke only to salute blokes in his own Service. An airman, for instance, will stooge along, favouring the light blue and ignoring the dark blue almost as though he were up from Cambridge for Boat-Race Day, and as for the "brown jobs," he's apparently never heard of them. Or a sailor will salute a Sub-Lieutenant even when he's with a Wing-Commander—which of course makes for confusion. For both will acknowledge it, the latter because he's the senior and the former because he knows it's meant for him. The matelot thus gets two salutes and they have to chase after him and make him give one back.

Or again a private will dish out a cracking fine salute to a subaltern and completely ignore an Admiral just behind. This, of course, is highly embarrassing for the subaltern, should he look round and see that he's acknowledged a salute apparently meant for a senior officer of the Senior

Service. Thereafter he walks in fear and dread and, having once turned round, walks on and turns no more his head, because he knows a you-know-what doth close behind him tread. (After you, Claude? No, after you, Coleridge.) It's also embarrassing for the Admiral, if he acknowledges the salute as his natural due, for the indignant private is apt to fix him with a hostile stare amounting almost to an open accusation of larceny.

Another development of Selective Saluting is to pick your salutes by merit. You are, of course, the chap who decides the particular form of merit. I believe the W.A.A.F.s started this. Not having to salute officers of the R.A.F. except as a matter of courtesy, some of them started saluting those officers they particularly liked the look of—for, of course, various feminine reasons. Some saluted those who resembled favourite film-stars; others those who had nice eyes, or who just seemed so lonely, and so on—you know what women are—and the idea caught on amongst the troops. I don't mean an Australian private will only salute those officers who seem so lonely, but you will find last-war veterans who will pass aloofly and even contemptuously by young Group-Captains whose cap-peaks may be simply smothered in scrambled egg but whose tunics are unmedalled—and then salute the Mons ribbon on some old dug-out Lieutenant's breast.

So much for Selective Saluting. Of course the idea opens up all sorts of avenues which should not be left unturned. It might be officially recognized and controlled. Specific saluting regulations, for instance, for different days. On the first of the month privates, A.B.s and airmen need only salute black-moustached Majors of R.E.; on the second only Flight-Lieutenants are to be saluted and only by unmarried infantry corporals, but must themselves salute all Rear-Admirals with beards; and so on; not the slightest laxity of course being allowed. This should satisfy that M.P. who feels the regulations aren't being obeyed and yet would provide regulations the strict obeying of which would not turn every crowded London street into something like the aftermath of a Commando raid.

I propose to go further into the vagaries of Saluting As It Shouldn't next week.

A. A.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

## Ruin

IT was one of those times when Aunt Emma had said that she and Uncle Egbert were ruined.

This discovery always depresses Uncle Egbert but—after the announcement—stimulates Aunt Emma.

In the space of twenty-four hours she had decided to sell the house and everything in it, to let the house furnished, to file a petition in bankruptcy, to run the house as a country hotel, and to close down the whole of the house and live in the back kitchen.

By the time Uncle Egbert, whose mind moves more slowly, had decided that he could not agree to any of the schemes, Aunt Emma had settled on a new one altogether and put red labels on most of the furniture and asked the auctioneer from Bottleby-St.-Ham to include it in a forthcoming sale.

After that things—Uncle Egbert excepted—moved quickly. There was an initial misunderstanding when Aunt Emma's staff—aged fourteen—took a good deal of trouble rubbing a good many of the red labels off the furniture; and a second one when Uncle Egbert got the impression that the labels were meant to indicate those things that were *not* to be sold, and told Aunt Emma that he would rather keep the bed and the dining-room table and let the cracked Chinese vase and the old plush foot-stool go.

Aunt Emma cleared that up, put out more red labels and said that the auctioneer's men would be coming at nine o'clock next morning. Uncle Egbert immediately said: What for? and the whole thing had to be gone into all over again.

Then Uncle Egbert said that if Aunt Emma liked to sleep on bare boards and sit in a totally empty drawing-room, she could of course do so, but that nothing—nothing whatever—was to be taken from his dressing-room or the study.

Even Aunt Emma was able to do very little towards moving him, and at the end of a whole afternoon Uncle Egbert had been got no further than to the point of saying that he might perhaps be able to spare an old pair of shooting boots and the yellow cupboard with the crack down the front panel.

Aunt Emma immediately labelled them.

It was quite late in the evening when Uncle Egbert suddenly said Good heavens! where was he to put the things in the yellow cupboard if the yellow cupboard was to be taken away?

"Dear," said Aunt Emma, "if I have found room, one way and another, for all the contents of two chests-of-drawers, one wardrobe, three cupboards and a writing-table, surely you can manage whatever odds and ends may be in the yellow cupboard?"

Uncle Egbert, evading the issue, said that he didn't know what Aunt Emma meant by odds and ends. He still didn't know what she meant by the time—shortly after eleven—that Aunt Emma went up to bed.

According to Aunt Emma's own account it was midnight by the cuckoo-clock on the stairs when she first noticed that either an air-raid, the German invasion, or a Home Guard exercise on a gigantic scale was going on under her very roof. Before she had wholly settled in her own mind how to deal with whichever of them it might be, Aunt Emma had realized that it was Uncle Egbert clearing out the yellow cupboard with the crack down the front panel.

Soon after three he came upstairs and said that he would finish the job in the morning.

Actually it was still unfinished by the time the furniture removers had denuded the house of most of its contents, and Aunt Emma had left off saying that anyway there was room to turn round now, and it would mean less work, and second-hand furniture was fetching a great deal of money nowadays.

It rather unfortunately turned out that none of these statements was true as regarded either Uncle Egbert's bedroom or the study.

The absence of the shooting-boots didn't make it a bit easier to turn round than it ever had been, or diminish anybody's work, and the yellow cupboard with the crack fetched hardly any money at all.

Not, in fact, nearly as much as what Uncle Egbert spent on getting another cupboard in which to put away the odds and ends—as Aunt Emma called them to the end.

E. M. D.

### Roll Out the Barrel

"10.5.—Listen with the Old Caretaker to some ghosts of past tuns."—*Radio Times*.

### First Things Fust

"Coal and food and guns come first—Travel only when you must."

A Railway Poster.

## At the Play

"CLAUDIA" (ST. MARTIN'S)  
 "A MAN WITH RED HAIR"  
 (AMBASSADORS)

"WHEN you like a person you love, that's marriage—and it's exciting!" says *Claudia's* husband to *Claudia* as they go upstairs to bed arm-in-arm. That is the end of the First Act of Miss ROSE FRANKEN'S *Claudia*, a winsome little play which has taken Broadway by storm and is now setting West Street, St. Martin's Lane, on fire. At the end of the Second Act *David*, the husband, has just learned by telephone that *Claudia's* mother has had sentence of immediate doom pronounced on her by her doctor.

Now *Claudia* herself is an unsophisticated, ungroomable, unpolishable, and (to husband, mother, and neighbours at least) quite irresistible slip of a girl. She has a hint of *Mary Rose's* feyness, a dash of *Pegeen Mike's* wildness, and an abundance of *Nora Helmer's* irresponsibility. What she might do if let loose upon *David's* cheque-book is an issue which Miss FRANKEN—being neither a BARRIE nor a SYNGE, much less an IBSEN—does not face. The worst that *Claudia* does in this play is to sell *David's* farmstead behind his back, and to let an inquisitive young literary neighbour creep in and give her a kiss for the fun of it. *David* forgives both these endearing little wildnesses, but he is a little less ready to forgive her for listening-in on another telephone to the life-and-death conversation with her mother. "*Claudia!*" he says with extreme reproach, when she comes in with the drastic knowledge written on a face already glistening with sorrow. "You always said I'd listen once too often," whimpers *Claudia*. "Oh, my dear!" quoth *David*, once again Uxoriousness on a monument, smiling at Grief. And down comes the second curtain.

It was chiefly interest in the new actress, Miss PAMELA BROWN, but partly also a fascination in seeing how a Third Act can be made out of practically nothing whatever, which made us visit this play twice over. Mother arrives and is at once salved and solaced with the news of an impending grandchild which *Claudia* characteristically says shall be twins. The rest of the act (and the play) is somehow made out of a wholly unnecessary pretence between *Claudia* and *David* that Mother's ill-news has not been imparted to her daughter. Mother gleans in the end that it has, and so

goes serenely to bed. "You darling!" says *David* to his *Claudia*, and the play is done.

Not all of Mother's serenity and sense (though she is Miss MARY HINTON) could have saved the whole thing from being as sweetly insipid as a glass of the liquorice-water of one's childhood. It is Miss BROWN who saves everything by being an actress with that rarest of all qualities among actresses—the ability to express her moods and emotions in her face and in her gestures. Miss BROWN will go far if her head—a pleasing, ginger, little head—is not turned by her immediate success in a part which she probably finds dead-easy. Mr. HUGH SINCLAIR as the amenable *David*, gazes upon her (justifiably as well as in character) like one thunderstruck with admiration. He, too, has been perfectly cast.

Next door, at the Ambassadors, Mr. FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN has cast himself for the Cornish sadist first conceived by the late Sir HUGH WALPOLE, later dramatized by Mr. BENN LEVY, and finally and unforgettably acted by Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON. Mr. SULLIVAN—gigantic in a flaming wig—obviously alarms his visitors on that house on the cliff-edge, but does not alarm us. He is so obviously the Fat Boy in *Pickwick* approaching dear old *Mrs. Wardle* and saying: "I want to make your flesh creep." When he strips the two young gentlemen to the waist and approaches them with a minatory whip, the action "communicates a blancmange-like motion to his fat cheeks" irresistibly like that of *Joe* when he nodded assent to *Mrs. Wardle's* supposition that it was her daughter whom Mr. *Tupman* had been seen embracing in the arbour. Miss GILLIAN LIND (in her original part) and Mr. WALTER HUDD, are convincingly scared, and the décor by Miss DANAE GAYLEN is appropriately sinister and perverse, including, as it does, a portrait about a foot square which is hung at least fifteen feet high.

A. D.

## Impending Apology

"A brilliantly told crime story that gives an accurate and intensely interesting picture of the Home Guard at work."

Advt. in The Times.

## Things That Might Have Been Expressed Differently

"W.V.S.—Owing to the forthcoming departure of Mrs. — (president) the members of the W.V.S. had intended having a picnic last Tuesday."—*Provincial Paper*.

## The Grange Chimes

THE clock was presented to me some time ago.

A prefect probably collected the money from resentful juniors, and I received the parting gift which, Ian Hay once remarked, few schoolmasters escape. On it were engraved my initials and "from the boys of The Grange." My wife christened it "The Grange Chimes."

It had indeed a pleasant chime, and even to me the mechanism seemed simple. When you wanted to regulate it you turned a screw on the pendulum—upwards for faster, downwards for slower.

This memento remained with me through the years and, since the war, it has travelled about the land, from blitz to Baedeker, without apparent injury. Only one weakness afflicted it after many journeys: it suddenly began going fast. We turned the screw downwards, excessively, as we thought, but without effect. At the day's end it had gained a quarter of an hour.

We twiddled it to the very bottom, and still this reckless pace was maintained. Finally my wife tried attaching weights to the screw itself; but it continually gained a quarter of an hour in the twenty-four.

Hitler, who is said to have put back the clock of civilization, had achieved the opposite with ours.

It was a poor time to have it repaired. Every shop had months of work waiting, and all we could gather from those we consulted was that there must be some internal defect, and we had better wait till the end of the war—an event which the Grange Chimes was certainly endeavouring to hasten in its own fashion.

So we put it away and did not unpack it until our next move, which brought us to the neighbourhood of Lewstock. While exploring that market-town, we suddenly beheld the legend WE STILL REPAIR CLOCKS.

We surveyed this in silent agreement. There was something about the Grange Chimes which we both liked; it had a homely look, as well as a cheerful tone, and we felt it should be given another chance.

One drawback was the means of conveyance to Lewstock, four miles from our cottage. Should we trust it to the carrier of a bicycle, which was our sole form of transport?

Eventually we decided that with careful packing it could be done, and we set out one bright afternoon, with a parcel of corrugated cardboard strapped securely behind me.



What we had not reckoned on was its penetrating note, also the extent to which rough going would set its striking mechanism in motion. We had not ridden far when we realized that we were being accompanied by a cascade of sound, as mellow as continuous.

"They'm a-carryin' a wireless wi' 'em!" declared some children in the first village we passed, and a farm-dog pursued us, barking.

My wife looked round uneasily. "Oughtn't we to do something about it?" she asked.

"I can't see what," I replied. "Better go ahead and get it over."

Fortunately the road was unfrequented, and we excited little but stares of mild astonishment till we reached Lewstock.

It was market-day, and as we swept into the square the crowd scattered to make way for what they supposed was a fire-engine.

A bullock took fright and bolted, and a policeman came across to ask what was on my bicycle.

"Only a clock," I told him, "with rather a loud chime."

He surveyed the package doubtfully. "If you listen," I added, "you can hear it ticking."

"'Tis a time-bomb, seems so!" suggested a suspicious voice, and this evidently influenced the policeman, who demanded a more intimate view.

So the Grange Chimes was unravelled and its history explained to an admiring crowd. They conceded that it was a "purty lil' clock tu!" and accompanied us sympathetically to the shop, which we entered much as exhausted swimmers enter a lifeboat.

There I explained matters, asking if I might leave the clock for examination. I would ride home, I resolved, without that unnerving orchestra.

But the man was asking questions. "You say you turned the screw downwards," he said. "Did you also move the pendulum-weight down with the screw?"

"Did we?" I asked my wife.

"Of course we didn't!" she exclaimed. "How stupid of you!"

The man smiled. "That explains it," he remarked pleasantly. "You see, it slid up the bar in being moved. That's soon adjusted—there you are, sir!"

"You—you couldn't send it for me, I suppose?" I inquired.

He smiled again. "Impossible, I'm afraid, sir."

As we repacked and strapped it again on my carrier we reconnoitred the area cautiously. Our followers had dispersed.

"Better wheel it carefully till we're

out of the square," my wife whispered, and this I accomplished so discreetly that we emerged through the east gateway unremarked. From there a long descent into the river valley lay before us and, abandoning caution, we mounted and sped downwards, with wild strains surging in our wake like the harp of a thousand strings and—more distantly—the shouts of a multitude, but whether raised in protest or applause, we did not wait to discover.

Beyond the valley rose a corresponding slope, which we climbed silently,

and then came two miles of level, with one village between us and home. The route was almost deserted. The farm-dog was elsewhere, and there was only a small boy sitting on a gate, who inquired, with unconscious pertinence, if our journey was really necessary.

The final incident occurred on the bumpy stretch outside "The Three Cups," whose door swung open for the emergence of an exceedingly ripe Home Guardsman. "At last!" he roared. "At last! The church bells! Company! —Stand to!"

## THE CHANGING FACE AGAIN

### GROWTH OF OBEDIENCE TO OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS



1



Tongueless

2



"No sooner do I step inside the house than off come my civvies and on goes my uniform."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Anglo-American Literary Relations

IN 1914 a British-American Committee, formed to celebrate a hundred years of peace among the English-speaking peoples, discovered that no English university provided for any teaching of American history. Some years later a wealthy man of business, Sir GEORGE WATSON, founded a Chair of American history, and since 1921 six lectures on American subjects have been delivered annually in one or other of our universities. This volume (*Anglo-American Literary Relations*, OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 5/-) contains the lectures delivered by the late President of Magdalen College, Oxford, Dr. GEORGE STUART GORDON. Dr. GORDON did not live to revise them for publication, but they have been skilfully edited by Dr. CHAPMAN, and constitute a stimulating introduction to a subject which will no doubt after the present war attract great numbers of research students on both sides of the Atlantic.

In his first lecture Dr. GORDON deals with American literature up to the end of the eighteenth century. During this period New England wrote little but read omnivorously. Every ship that crossed the Atlantic carried cases full of books, and several Englishmen of genius were recognized in Boston and Philadelphia some time before their own country awoke to their merits. The compliment was not returned till well into the nineteenth century. "Why should the Americans write books," the *Edinburgh Review* asked, "when a six weeks' passage brings them in their own

tongue, our sense, science and genius?" FENIMORE COOPER and WASHINGTON IRVING were the first Americans to be read in England, though not as enthusiastically as Dr. GORDON suggests when he writes of HAZLITT's ironical and disparaging essay on IRVING "The cup of Anglo-American fraternity has never to this day, at the feast of literature, more nobly overflowed." That would be an overstatement if applied to the English interest in EMERSON, HAWTHORNE and LOWELL. POE aroused much deeper admiration in France than here, and it was not until WALT WHITMAN emerged that the English first realized the possibility of the United States producing an original, non-derivative genius. MARK TWAIN and HERMAN MELVILLE, both of whom were more quickly recognized here than in the States, completed what WHITMAN had begun, and nowadays the independent status of American literature is taken for granted in England. Many among the modern American writers, Dr. GORDON confesses, puzzle him "by their patronymics and their exotic quality. Sandburg, Giovanitti, Kreymsbourg, Untermeyer: where are we?" But though bemused, he allows that a Continental name does not make a man less American, or less likely to be a hatcher of American poetry. H. K.

### Thou Too, O Thyrsis!

It is generous in one to whom Oxford has dealt a characteristic measure of success and failure to chart the shoals and channels of his mainly academic course for his successors. *Short Journey* (FABER, 10/6) discovers a scholar of Corpus with a bent towards Holy Orders in the act of perceiving that Greats and Christianity are not mutually helpful; and that while the Oxford code of behaviour is officially Christian the Oxford mode of thought is Athenian. Mr. E. L. WOODWARD, however, survived Greats; and bent on studying the Church under the Roman Empire—a phase of history as illuminating as it is ill-lit—took a post-graduate course in Paris. On the hither side of this spiritual watershed lie the last war (France and Salonika) and the successful staging of a come-back to Oxford. Here, as elsewhere, "The Lost Generation" was largely crowded out by retentive age and acquisitive youth; the author's faith imperceptibly left him; and the Liberal pass he was so well qualified to help hold (and which so urgently needed holding) had been already betrayed. The ultimate hope of his interesting and significant autobiography is that the next breather will not see us "afraid of our own liberty."

H. P. E.

### Before the Earthquake

The tropical islands of fiction are apt to be disreputable. Their morals are almost always as lush as their vegetation—which is a godsend to the exotic novelist. In *School for Eternity* (MACMILLAN, 9/-) the island is hotter and more dramatic than ever, disagreeably tense on the eve of an earthquake. Not all the disasters, however, are natural ones. Here the exotic is piled high on the exotic, with an engagingly relaxed population, a philosophical nobleman, very wealthy and wanton, in a castle perched above the town, and a crew of visitors chosen at random from what the sea has washed up. Mr. HARRY HERVEY's essay in fiction is to combine the conversational extravagances of *South Wind* with the march of destiny as in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. For the amusement of the count, who talks and talks and is comically made to attribute to PROUST what was written by SHAKESPEARE, the odd assortment of his guests are exposed to this alien and perfidious atmosphere, in which those unused to it are most likely to betray their true characters. Actress, beachcomber, unhappy

young painter, airman-adventurer, the daughter of an earl who is down on her luck, a sometime convict from a French penal settlement, an American schoolmarm—you notice the opportunities. What stories come out may best be described as sensational—if not invariably in event, at least in emotion. Yet if the individual drama sometimes comes off, the compound one does not. Because the dramatic relation between these week-end guests remains as loose as the morals of one or two of them, the book cannot be classed with the best island literature.

J. S.

### "See honest Hauyard singing come . . ."

A novel and grim notion of life on a battleship of the line during the Seven Years' War is given by *Surgeon's Mate* (HALE, 12/6), an imaginary diary founded on genuine memoirs and medical books of the time. It is a far cry from contemporary ballads, which though they sometimes wound up with wooden legs and beggary were discreetly reticent as to how "poor Jack" came by them, to the grisly revelations of *John Knyveton* of the "first-rater" *Ramillies*. An honest, chivalrous, hard-working young apothecary (the Navy winked at his lack of a surgeon's diploma), he got going on the flagship of Admiral BYNG; was in at the Minorca debacle; and ended as chief surgeon of a new ship, the *Edgar*. His personal fortunes and those of a charming girl ashore are told in the true Marryat vein. During engagements his field of vision was limited to the cook-pit in which he and his colleagues performed their barbarous feats of surgery. But Mr. ERNEST GRAY's ruthless interest in press-gangs, floggings, barrels of decomposing pork and the symptoms and treatment of scurvy, coupled with the racy period-flavour of his hero's critical jottings, give distinction as well as vitality to an exceptionally interesting book.

H. P. E.

### Good Words

The perfect Christmas present for Mr. A. P. HERBERT would be, without a doubt, Mr. IVOR BROWN's little volume, *A Word In Your Ear* (CAPE, 6/-), and that is only to say that it is the ideal bedside book for anyone and everyone who knows the tingling joy of a delight in words. Probably many who enjoy it will quarrel with Mr. BROWN's findings here and there, but that will make no difference; the hunt is up and every word-lover will long to join the chase. Very wisely Mr. BROWN has given eighteen of his pages to an excellent discourse on what is happening in the world of words and how he came to compile this anthology of them; and then, for over a hundred pages, he pins down his quarry specimen by specimen, with a rich sprinkling of quotation. Some of his words, such as "leathery" or "madrigal" or "magazine," seem ordinary enough until one reads what he has to say of them, but there are others, such as "nesh," which are old country friends that we are glad to see in this good company; and then there are odd and exciting things like "miching" and "mom," and "barkable" that leave us richer for having met them. "I have noted and collected the words which caught my fancy during my casual war-time reading," writes Mr. BROWN with a kind of proud simplicity, and at once all his like-minded readers will want to rush at him with presents of their own spoils—What a lovely word "breathe" is, Mr. BROWN, and, talking about that, what about "speathe," and do you know "sozzle?"—and so forth!

B. E. S.

### Our Military Critic

When Captain LIDDELL HART was writing a history of the last war he went through the newspaper-files of

1914-18 to see how things had looked to some of the then military "experts." We can remember enough of their comments to agree that he must have been staggered with the accumulation of error he found. So with these examples in mind he decided to refrain from writing about the course of the present war during the first seven months. Since then, however, he has been commenting on its progress pretty constantly—generally with the idea of dispelling our too optimistic illusions. Already he has published one series of these commentaries under the title *The Current of War*: now he brings out another series, starting from March 1941, which forms the first section of *This Expanding War* (FABER, 12/6). These articles, reprinted from a daily newspaper (with passages restored that had been editorially cut for reasons of space or otherwise), are interwoven with retrospective comments written in the light of later knowledge. This, thinks the author, must be the best form for the service of future historians, though it is open to the objection that the writer must perpetually seem to be calling our attention to his own perspicacity. To us perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the third section, which contains the author's private views on several disputed points. He wants a "new model" army, radically different from the present pattern. He thinks our present bombing policy questionable: in a campaign of attrition the scales are weighted heavily against us. He does not much believe in the possibility of opening a "Second Front"—unless we could provide new types of sea transport that would free our new type of army from complete dependence on ports. His idea seems to be that victory, if it comes, will be through the enemy's own offensive, not ours, as was the case in 1918. Not perhaps the most cheerful prospect, but then Captain LIDDELL HART has never worn rose-tinted spectacles.

L. W.



"Ah, now you'll be able to direct me to Piccadilly Circus."





*"And then in the next scene you get mixed up in a dog-fight with a couple of Messerschmitts."*

### *Salvage in the Office*

WE've been economizing in paper of course for ages, ever since the day Mr. Head suddenly decided to turn the waste-paper basket upside-down on to the table and go through it. The old spool off my typewriter fell straight out through the side (it always beats me why they make waste-paper baskets with holes in them to begin with) and the ribbon flew right across the floor with his fountain pen wrapped up in it, and there was the orange Doris had been eating (you can tell how long ago all this was), but he just picked out a long crumpled letter and said, "What's this?" I explained it was the letter he said *must* go to Bristol last night, but he never gave me the figures and put a trunk call through this morning instead. So he just grunted and said we must all of us not waste a single inch of paper in future, so I scrapped the continuation sheet I'd just begun and turned over instead.

Then he went into the Works and they had the same performance there, and he told their translator she must type translations on the back of the original and then they'd never get separated either, and she thought it was quite a good idea too till she came to put it into the typewriter.

But we haven't heard so much about paper-saving lately. Not since Mr. Head accepted an invitation last month on the back of the card and stuck a 2d. stamp on it, ever so pleased with himself and it was easy enough to save paper if you just used your wits. Only it was a pity he hadn't made a note of the time and place before it went off, because after I'd spent half an afternoon ringing up all round the place we discovered the lunch had been that day.

Anyway there's all the difference in the world between not using new paper and salvaging old, as I'd like to tell Mr. Head because he's such a magpie

he can't bear to throw out old cuttings or catalogues or things himself. And Doris says she for one doesn't blame him when you think now of some of the things you used to throw away at the beginning, and all those fully-fashioned stockings you said weren't worth darning when all you'd got to do was go into a shop for a new pair in your lunch-hour.

But Doris is a bit off salvaging since the time she was carrying a bagful of stuff she'd been saving for someone she knew's pig in the Tube and the bag burst and potato-peelings fell out all over everybody and cabbage-leaves and some burnt toast they daren't put in the dust-bin and she expected to be arrested then and there, and you know what stuff you're taking to the pigs looks like anyway.

However, the other day when Mr. Head was out at a Salvage Meeting in the Works I got Doris to go through all the cupboards in his room with me

and we had such a clearing out, throwing everything we dare in the paper sack and then piling up his big waste-paper basket with stuff to ask him about. But we quite forgot to tell the cleaners the papers in the waste-paper basket weren't waste-paper, so we couldn't really blame them next morning when we found it had all gone. So we decided we wouldn't say anything because he'll never miss the stuff and if he does we can always have a good look for it and then tell him he must have thrown it out for salvage.

I often think Mr. Head could learn a lesson from Willie. Between the two of them I never know where I am, what with Willie grabbing everything for salvage and Mr. Head hanging on to everything. But Jim, my boy-friend in the Drawing-Office, says why worry: we've had the Iron Age and the Stone Age, and now this is the Salv Age, and anyway, haven't I got enough to do with keeping up to the War Savings target and down to the Fuel target.

But there's just nothing safe from Willie. He's pulled all the metal bits out of the typewriter erasers, and he's got a jar full of milk-bottle tops, and he took my bottle of cough mixture (I wasn't going to give sweet coupons for cough lozenges, I told that chemist) and Doris's saccharine tablets tin, and you can't sharpen a pencil without finding him at your elbow to catch the shavings—though you wouldn't catch him there to sharpen the pencil! No wonder they've made him Salvage Steward for our floor, and we're lucky if we can get hold of him to be the office-boy for five minutes together in between.

The latest is he's after us all to save our plum-stones. Says he can't bear to think of all those millions and millions being thrown away everywhere, when you know the Germans would give anything for them, and they'll keep the fire banked up all the winter if you make them into bricks. He's planted some on the roof to see if they'll grow up there, but our gardening's not been so successful this year as last with no sunshine. The tomatoes began to go yellow all right and we waited and waited, hoping for enough sunshine to turn them red, and we'd have been waiting yet if Mr. Head hadn't happened to go up one day and say they were yellow tomatoes. Which to my mind is about as sensible as green beetroot. But then Mr. Head used to grow roses before the war, and he wrote to somebody in Libya the other day there was still nothing he liked better after a hard week than putting in a good Sunday at Home Gardening.

Willie's pretty busy with an allotment too, not to mention fire-watching, so I don't suppose it's much good trying to do anything about it now, but I don't notice his spelling getting any better. I didn't say much about his second sewing of lettuces, but I must say I was a bit taken aback the other day to find he'd left me a note saying he didn't know whether I liked them, because it wasn't everybody did, but the next day he was bringing me up a queuecumber.

## Clothing Time

DARLING, may I have a look At your clothing coupon book? Why, you haven't started yet, What a lot of things we'll get! Things we cannot do without. But of course you'll help us out. There's the mac (unlined) for Steve, 7 coupons, I believe; And a pair of shoes for Len, That will bring us up to 10; Pair of cami-knicks for Flo, That takes 4 of them, I know; And a pair of bags for Boy (Fustian or corduroy) Adds another 5 to that. Coat to match my winter hat, That's 11. Most unfair. Still, you've dozens more to spare. Woollen frock for little Kate—Heavens, that's another 8; And a cardigan for Benny, Only 3—it isn't many. Angelina's pinafore Brings us up to 44. No, I haven't finished yet. There's a dear old generous pet! Then there's a divided skirt Promised long ago to Gert; Blazer and some shorts for John. Wonder how we're getting on? 16 more. It seems a lot. Goodness me, it's all you've got!

ENVOI

*Well, it looks as though I'll be  
Nude in 1943.*

## Letters to a Conscript Father

MY DEAR FATHER,—I'm afraid I've got an absolute bombshell for you this week. It was for me, anyway, and I think you'll be just as shaken when you hear what it is.

It happened yesterday morning.

It was about half an hour after reveille, and I was just wondering whether the breakfast would be worth while getting up for, when somebody gave the end of my bed a shattering kick and bawled, "Get out of it, airman, unless you want to be on a charge." So I opened one eye and looked, and there was Bairstow. I said, "Oh, Bairstow, you dim prawn, it's only you. Go and get stuffed."

And then the bombshell burst, because just as I was turning over to go to sleep again the rotten binder ripped all the bed-clothes off and hissed, "Corporal Bairstow to you." And I opened both eyes this time—and there they were on his sleeve; two bright little sproggy blue tapes!

I tell you, he wasn't shooting a line, either. It shook me. He looked as fierce as a maggot, and I honestly believe his fingers were itching to make out a Two-five-two—yes, even with his erstwhile best friend as No. 1 Victim!

But then, that's this life all over, as I expect you're finding out. Nothing stays the same for two minutes on end, and if by any chance you are fool enough to think things are a bit settled you suddenly wake up to find your bosom pal's a corporal. I don't know whether you'll quite understand how I feel about this, because, as a mere erk, all the N.C.O.s you know will always have been N.C.O.s to you, and you can't remember the time when they were decent ordinary airmen.

It's a most extraordinary thing, the way power goes to anybody's head. Take Bairstow's case, now: he was the sportiest chap you could wish to know, always ready to sneak away from Out Training to have a scrounge in the boiler-room, or a quiet smoke behind the bomb-dump—and as for getting up late, why, I've seen Bairstow still in his shirt and socks when "Markers" was sounded. And yet, you see, he's like all the others: the moment he gets a pair of tapes he turns into a Little Hitler.

I saw him later in the day, swaggering out of the Corporals' Club, and he tried to make out that he wouldn't actually have charged me yesterday; but it was his first morning as Duty Junior N.C.O., and he didn't want anyone to think there was any favouritism, he said. Favouritism! I asked him why he couldn't put his authority to humane uses and favour everybody? It would have been a good start, letting the whole barrack-room stay in bed as long as they liked. But of course he wouldn't see it. In fact he launched off into a lot of duff about Discipline and Morale and

Prestige, and about N.C.O.s being the backbone of the Service.

One of the things that upsets me about the whole wretched business is that one of the sources of gen is going to dry up for you, Dad, I'm afraid. I did try to sound him for a bit more griff about Bullsfield, but of course his whole outlook's changed now, and whereas a week ago he would have been full of schemes to help you dodge the muster parades or get back into camp after 2359 hours—well, now he merely gives me a string of smug suggestions about an airman's duty being to co-operate with his N.C.O.s, thus contributing to general *esprit de corps* throughout all ranks. I was getting cheesed by this time. I said I didn't see how you could co-operate with a man who conceived his duty in terms of kicking you out of bed.

One good thing's come out of it, though. Bairstow (sorry—Corporal Bairstow) paid me back the half-crown he's owed me since his last leave; and without being asked too. This may have been because he saw I was getting brassed off and *was* going to ask for it, but it was more probably because of some highfalutin notion about its being bad for a Corporal's dignity for him to owe half-crowns to mere A.C.s.

Anyway, I'm jolly glad that I've managed to dodge promotion so far. Not only because I don't want to be turned into a binder overnight, but because, apart from his tapes, a corporal doesn't get much fun. Look at you and me, for example, Dad; once we've finished the day's work we're as free as the air, not a care in the world. But poor old Corporal Bairstow (who is only an L.A.C., Acting Corporal, anyway, *and* unpaid) is already gummed up to the eyes with duties. His very first day, you see, he was detailed as Duty Junior N.C.O., and he also told me in conversation, trying to impress me with his great importance, that he's confined to camp on four more days this week—Junior Gas Defence N.C.O., Junior Fire Picket N.C.O., N.C.O. in Charge of Black-out and N.C.O. in charge of No. 2 Block Fatigue Detail. And what does he get in return? He can make people stand to attention when he talks to them, and he can spend his free time making out Charge Sheets and Statements of Evidence—and every Sheet or Statement he makes out puts him in danger of dropping an almighty tab by making one of about twenty trivial mistakes in the wording.

Well—all I can say is that he's very,

very welcome. I wouldn't have the job at any price, and lots of others think the same. Quite a lot of chaps will tell you that when promotion's offered to them they're going to refuse it—although, now I come to think of it, I've never yet heard of anybody actually doing that.

Sorry to sound so browned-off. I'll try to write more cheerfully next time, but I'm sure you'll agree the whole affair is rather distasteful—especially as I've got nearly six weeks more service in than Bairstow.

Your loving son PETER.

P.S.—Are you getting much of this egg-powder in the cookhouse nowadays?

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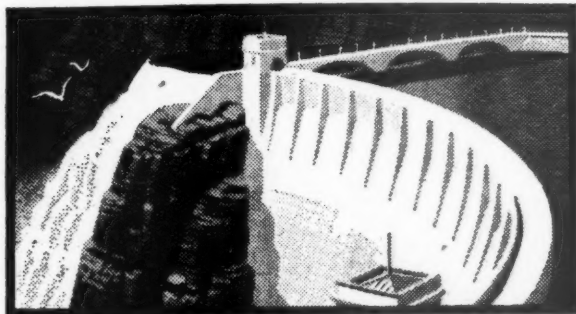
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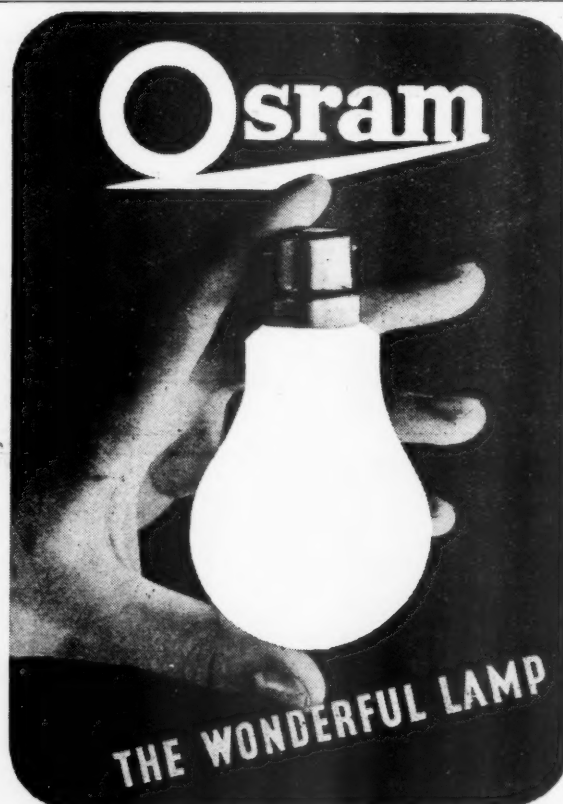
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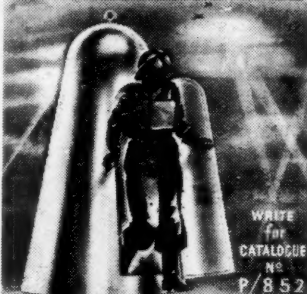
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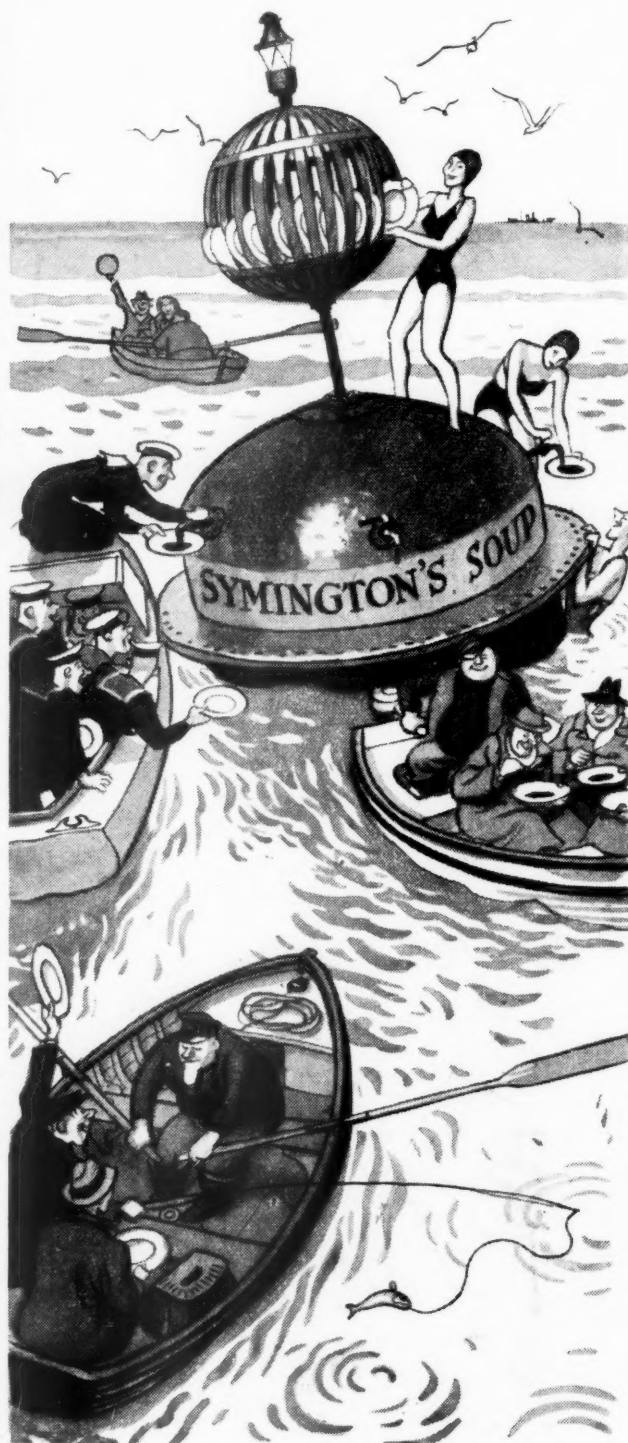
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